I. The Music and Song of the Ages.....
By T. H. Robinson, D. D., Harrisburg, Pa.

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ARTICLE XI.

THE MUSIC AND SONG OF THE AGES.

By T. H. Robinson, D. D., Harrisburg, Pa.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Earth's history began in song. So shall it end: in the song of that great multitude, that no man can number. Who shall stand by the sea of glass mingled with fire, wearing the priestly robes of festival, and victors' crowns, and with the harps of God in their hands, lifting up the undying chorus of a finished redemption?

We purpose to follow the track of song and melody, from that fountain-head of song in Eden, along through the ages, down to our own day. The field is, however, so extensive, that we are compelled to limit our investigations. Music and Song take on three prominent types: 1. of love, and home, and social life; 2. of war; 3. of religion. We must confine ourselves mainly to the last.

The accents of the first singers have not reached us. Of the modes of worship in the old patriarchal times, we know but little. But music and song were there. It was surely not in the city of Cain, that the voice of singing

was heard. Our first father lived long enough to hear his ingenious sons piping, on harp and horn, their ante-diluvian melodies. Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. But, if the tents of sin resounded with unhallowed music and mirth, surely, the abodes of the righteous were not wholly silent.

After the universal hymn of Eden was broken, and the joyous song of creation fell into a mournful minor, the wail of human sin and sorrow running across all its harmonies, the first golden wave of promise, that struck on the desolate heart of man, must have re-awakened the echoes of the angels' song. Yet we are left to conjecture. A long silence reigns in the hymn-book of the first centuries. There are records of violence and judgment, of the flood and the ark, of patriarchal tent and Egyptian bondage, but the only song of that earliest age, that has floated down to us, is the wail of the murderer Lamech, to his wives Adah and Zillah. We read of altar and sacrifice, of meditations in the field at eventide, of visions and prayers, and accepted intercessions, and we feel confident that they, who walked like Enoch and Abraham with God, must have had their hearts kindled into music. The tents of the wicked were full of dancing, and mirth, and song. But not these alone. The groves were God's first temples, and up through those leafy cathedrals, rose the simple lays of early faith, breathing amid the gray old trunks, that high in heaven mingled their mossy boughs, their hopes of forgiveness and peace. From the green earth, rising out of the flood, from the ark lifted upon the waters, from the shadow of the great oak of Mamre, from the fountains, and valleys, and hill-side pastures, where the tents of the patriarchs rose white amidst their flocks, from the garrisons and palaces of Egypt, doubtless, the song arose, though our ears listen in vain for the echo of it.

The first recorded hymn of the Bible, is the national thanksgiving anthem, which was sung on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. As the waves of the sea rolled back to their ancient tide-mark, burying under them the hosts of the enemies of God and of Israel, above the ripple and the roar of the clashing waters, Miriam and the stately maids of Judah, leading the voices, and the cymbals, and the harps of the millions of Israel, sang the requiem of Pharaoh and his Memphian chivalry. It was a song of

victory. It was a song of redemption. It was sung to the Lord. It was thus a type of all succeeding Psalms. It was the first hymn of the Church visible, and the notes of that great chant of victory echoed along that crystal sea, over the silent buried dead, out into the stillness of the desert around, down along the track of time, across all the centuries to us, and have gone sounding and echoing on beyond, far beyond us into the depths of eternity. "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods: who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

From time to time, throughout the Old Testament, we catch fresh notes of the song. There is the sublime chant of Deborah the prophetess, and the hymn of Hannah. There is the war chant of Jehoshaphat and his army, a hymn of victory, sung in faith before the battle, sung with harp and psalters, and trumpet. There is the song of Hezekiah, sung when he recovered from his sickness, and the psalm of Jonah, sounding up from the depths of the sea. There is the mystical song of songs. The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of singing is come.

There was mournful music by the rivers of Babylon, when the taunting oppressors said to the captive of Judah, Sing us one of the songs of Zion, and there also was the song of liberated Israel, when the walls of Jerusalem again arose, when the singers sang aloud, and they all rejoiced, so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off. And, there too, in that Book which God has caused to be written for us, are the songs of the sweet singers of Israel, the inspired liturgy for all time. Like all other true hymns of the Church militant, these psalms of David rise out of tumultous depths and soar into the calm light of heaven. They are not soft literary effusions of a sentimental religion; they are battle songs, penned and sung on the battle-field, they are the outbursts of a struggling, fainting, hoping heart, they are sighs of penitence rising heavenward, they are the very words, on which the griefs of repenting sinners, and the joys of exulting believers, have taken wing to God for more than three thousand years. Thus passed the Old Dispensation. Opening with the song of the morning stars, changing too speedily into the wail of sorrow and penitence, yet, everywhere flows the stream of melody, gushing out of loving hearts. Whether in the temple, or

on the battle-field, amid flocks and green pastures, and still waters, or hunted as a stag upon the mountains, the true Church ceased not to sing unto God. And just as the birth day of the first creation was ushered in by the songs of the angels, so the joy of the second and greater birth day, awoke the earth with music, as the song of a great multitude of the heavenly hosts broke on the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night. They came to teach the Church once again, the almost forgotten strains of the first hymn: Glory to God in the highest.

The first recorded Jewish hymn was chanted by the great Lawgiver and by Miriam, with a nation for the chorus. The first Christian hymn was sung by Mary the mother of Jesus, with no audience but her cousin, the faithful Elizabeth. Yet the thanksgiving of Moses and the magnificat of the Virgin are both alike, strains in the one great song of redemption.

As we follow the stream of inspired melody in the New Testament, we have the natal hymn of the Baptist, when the seal was taken from the lips of Zacharias, and his heart was borne away in gladness over the child of his old age. Then, once again, in that temple, where for centuries no fire from heaven had touched the sacrifice, and no gush of inspiration warmed the icy and formal routine of the services, once again inspired song arose, not from a choir of priestly singers, but from the lips of an old man, who held the infant Saviour in his arms. These hymns of Mary, of Zacharias, and of Simeon, were the matin songs of Christianity, all hymns of triumph. Then as we pass along, we catch notes, now of children singing in the temple, now of the great multitude with the palm branches, anon, a mournful strain from the hymn of the night of trial, then, after the ascension of our Lord, we have a choral burst of praise from the whole assembled Church, as Peter and John came back from their night in prison. Then, from the dungeon in Philippi, we hear Paul and Silas singing praises to God. After this we hear no more, and reverently close the sacred volume, as the songs of heaven are falling from the heights of apocalyptic vision, upon the ear and into the heart of the beloved disciple in Patmos. And that new song, within the gates of pearl, what is it still, but the song of redemption, which Moses and David, and Mary and Simeon, and the early Church sang, the song

that every repenting sinner, and every happy believer still sings, the song of the New Creation.

We pass to the second stage, the psalmody and music of the ancient Christian Church. The Saviour sang with his disciples, and the olive trees heard the murmured notes. The holy example thus set, was not forgotten. Sacred song continued to be a delightful part of social and public worship. From the celebrated letter of Pliny to the emperor Trajan, less than ten years after the death of the apostle John, we learn that the Christians, of that time, were accustomed to meet before day break, to sing hymns to Christ as God. A Christian hymn book existed from the beginning. Two or three hymns of that remote antiquity have come down to us. The *Ter Sanctus*, or Thrice Holy, the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and the *Te Deum Laudamus*, with some modifications, are preserved in Lutheran, Episcopal and Roman Catholic Liturgies, and are undoubtedly very ancient. The strictest research, cannot find conclusively, the time of their production. There exists a tradition, that the *Te Deum*, which is one of the noblest and grandest of human compositions, gushed forth in alternate responses from the lips of two fathers, Ambrose and Augustine, while the former was baptizing the latter. Another evening hymn is considered by many to be the most ancient Christian hymn extant. We give it in a translation. It should be remembered, that poetry in rhyme is of quite modern date. The ancient hymns were sentences, much like our modern chants and anthems.

Let us imagine a little band of persecuted Christians, whom no danger of enemies could deprive of the joys of meeting, gathered at eventide by the side of that river, where the blessed apostle Paul met the first converts of Greece. The sun is setting. The brief twilight is fast fading. The glow of the golden southern day is passing rapidly away, and night, with its silence, dews and stars, is coming on. From that little band, faintly, like the chimes of evening bells, rises on the evening air this sweet song:

Jesus Christ, joyful light of the Holy,
Glory of the immortal, heavenly, blessed Father,
We, coming at the setting of the sun,
Beholding the evening light,
Praise Thee, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, God.

Thee, it is meet,
At all hours to praise
With sacred voices, O Son of God,
Who giveth life.
Wherefore the universe glorifieth Thee.

The prevailing mode of singing, for the first three centuries, was congregational. All united their voices in the songs of praise, in strains suited to their ability. The music was, of necessity, rude, simple and inartificial. It appears to have been but a recitative or chant, sung in symphony or unison. The harmony lay not in the blending of different parts, as treble, tenor, alto and bass, but the blending of different voices of men, women and children. Nor should it be forgotten, how God has made the whole human race a vast choir, where the deep bass of a manly voice, the tenderness of woman's and the varying tones of the maiden and the child all blend in sweetest harmony. The early fathers are full and eloquent in praise of the moral power of their psalmody. "Nothing," says Chrysostom, "so lifteth up, and as it were, wingeth the soul, so freeth it from earth, and looseth it from the chains of the flesh, so leadeth it into wisdom, and a contempt for all earthly things, as the choral symphony of a sacred hymn, set in harmonious measure." Augustine also gives an account of the power of music over him, on the occasion of his baptism: "I was transported by the voices of the congregation sweetly singing. The melody of their voices filled my ear, and divine truth was poured into my heart. The sacred flames of devotion burned in my soul, and gushing tears flowed from my eyes. The *Te Deum*, which was very early sung, was at once a hymn, a creed, and a prayer. It is a creed taking wings and soaring heavenward. It is a cloud of incense rising up, and reflecting back on the earth, the radiance of the skies. The burden of the primitive songs and hymns was Christ, the only begotten of the Father. This sacred theme inspired the earliest anthems, was the subject of the sweetest melodies and loftiest strains. They were sung before the devotions of the Church had turned from Christ to Mary. They are full of faith in a personal listening Saviour, as a living, gracious, mighty and beloved Friend. In public devotions, in social circles, around their domestic altars they worshiped Christ, in happy sacred song. In their

daily occupations, they relieved their toils and refreshed their spirits, by renewing the favorite songs of Zion. Persecuted, afflicted, in solitary cells, exiled to foreign lands, shut up in dismal mines, hiding away in caves, led to the martyr's stake, they still sang the Lord's Song. Some of these hymns are so true and tender, so sublime in their simplicity, so full of the sweet repose of faith, and of lowly, happy adoration, that we love to think of them as hymns, to which Paul and John may have listened, may have sung.

We pass on down the stream of time. We have already said the earliest Church music was simple and inartificial, congregational singing in symphony. About this time, the third century, some heretical sects arose along side of the Church, that, in order to draw the people after them, paid great attention to music and hymnology. To supplant the popular hymns of the heretics, and to provide singing that should rival theirs, many orthodox hymns were written, and the office of Cantores, or Psaltai, *i. e.*, conductors of the service of praise, was instituted, and choirs gradually came into vogue. The practice of alternate, or responsive singing was common. The Church began to put off its early simplicity, and develop into a hierarchy. The clergy, thus early, were rising into a despotism in the Church, and they sought to exclude the people from all participation in the services of worship. Congregational singing was banished, the clergy and the choir taking the singing into their own hands. Great attention began to be paid to the requirements of art, and the common people were bidden to be silent. The character of the music rapidly changed. Secular and theatrical melodies were introduced into the churches. As yet, the use of instrumental accompaniments, was tenaciously resisted, and the singing in different parts was not allowed. As early as the year 330, a school for the training of professional church musicians, was opened in Rome. In the heat of the great Arian controversy of the fourth century, bands of orthodox and Arian choristers were formed to perambulate the streets of Constantinople, singing hymns upon the rival doctrines, in imitation of the processional singing of the pagans. This was done to indoctrinate the people. It was at this period, that Ambrose, of Milan, arose in western Europe, and introduced a new kind of

Psalmody, the *Cantus Ambrosianus*, or Ambrosian Chant. For modulation, aptness and beauty, it far surpassed anything that had yet been known. It is very difficult at this day, perhaps, wholly impossible to reproduce anything in the exact style of one of those ancient chants.

If we turn from the music to the hymns of that age, we begin to discover some sad changes, creeping silently and stealthily in. The fervent, tender, childlike hymns of the first three centuries, that only spoke of Jesus, the Saviour, the Friend, the Master, the merciful, loving, holy Sufferer for us, begin already to be displaced by hymns commemorative of martyrs and just men; hymns that speak of the Virgin mother, hymns for feast days and fast days. As yet, indeed, the name of Jesus is above every name; as yet, the martyrs and saints of heaven seem to be sitting on the steps only of his glorious throne, but the whole order of the Church begins to turn its face from Christ, towards his creatures. The trust in the Lamb of God alone, dies silently out of them, giving way to invocations of Mary.

We now approach the middle ages, the ages of chivalry and the crusades, of massive Gothic architecture and the feudal system. But just before we reach that strange and wonderful age of everything romantic, of heroes and heroines,, we pass through a border-land, filled with troubadours and love songs, knights errant and tournaments, of rich wild border minstrelsy—a land full of legends, the heroic age of a false Christianity, as the age of Hector and Priam was the heroic age of Troy and Greece. The heroes of the age are canonized saints, and they are an army counted and memoralized by tens of thousands. Passing across the stage before our eyes as we look back on the age, we behold the motliest group of all the centuries, emperors and kings, popes and cardinals, prefects and dukes, monks and nuns, consuls and counts, peers and paladins, caliphs and empresses, troubadours and rhetoricians, the demon Minerva and the saint Rhadegunda, with other demons and other saints innumerable, moving about amongst each other, with all that easy familiarity, with which the strangest beings are mingled in our wildest dreams. These were the golden days of legend, yet they were days of disorder and wretchedness extreme. Wild Gothic hosts were plundering Lombardy and Gaul. Northern pirates were invading and desolating England, and all the shores of Europe. A fierce torrent of Vandal and Saracen swelled up from the

south. The wretched population were tossed helplessly to and fro. Rival popes and rival bishops sought each other with very carnal weapons, and fulminated at each other terrible bulls. The imperial institutions of Rome had crushed out the old national republican life, and now, these in their turn, were crumbling into dust. Many thoughtful men, during these centuries, from the seventh to the eleventh, believed they were the last days. In the beginning of the seventh century, Gregory the Great, the Pope of Rome, introduced into the churches a new style of Church music. Already processions, in which the Gospels, costly crucifixes and banners, torches and burning candles, relics, bits of the true cross, pictures and bones of the saints, were carried about and hymns sung, had become a regular ceremony, occurring at stated times. The litanies consisted of invocations of saints and angels, to which the people made response, *Ora pro nobis*, which was the extent of their singing. Gregory undertook to reform the music of the Church, which had degenerated into a style too lively, and theatrical and sentimental for Church music. He introduced what has been known from his day to the present, as the Gregorian Chant, or the *Cantus Romanus*. The music was symphonous, slow, solemn, and measured, yet without rythm or time. He devised a special kind of notation to indicate the tones, a curious compound of points and strokes, and little hooks. It had little of the liveliness and the freshness of the music then in vogue, but from its more solemn and dignified character, was better adapted for worship. It was sung by trained choirs. Singing schools were established, to introduce the new chanting and fit choirs, and the Pope, Gregory himself, taught in them. Instrumental accompaniments were introduced, especially the organ, which was transferred from the theatre to the church. It was, however, quite a serious objection to the Gregorian music, that on account of its complicated character, a good proficient in music could scarcely master it by diligence and skill, in less than ten years. But a few professional singers could bear part in it. The common people were utterly excluded. It was enough for them to listen. An ecclesiastical ban lay upon them. The *Anti-phonarium*, or hymn book, was taken wholly out of their hands, and retained by the priests and choristers. A hymn book is a dangerous weapon to priest-craft and absolutism, when put in the hands of the people.

"Let me write the songs of a nation," some one has said, "and I care not, who make their laws." An unsinging and unmusical and unpoetic people, are fit only to be the slaves of civil and hierarchical despotism.

The Gregorian style of music could not maintain itself. It was too difficult. Trained and competent singers were too few. The hymn books were too expensive. The slow chant in unison, began gradually to give way to more rapidly moving duets. Definite rules of harmony, of chords and intervals, were framed. The organ came generally into use. The first one brought to France, was a present from the emperor of Turkey to king Pepin. The second, was a present to Charlemagne the great. The first organs were very imperfect. They had only ten or twelve notes, and the keys required to be struck with the fist.

As we leave the times of Charlemagne, Bernard and the venerable Bede, and walk forward into the denser darkness of the middle age, the character of music and hymns changes still further. The music becomes more and more dramatic. The cathedral is transformed into a theatre, in which priests and monks and nuns are the actors, and the people, the astonished, captivated audience. Dramas were acted on Sundays and holy days, in which noble men and beautiful women, saints and holy virgins, were represented as in conflict with power, cruelty and fate. And, whereas, the modern drama usually ends with a marriage of the hero and the heroine, the religious dramas of the mediæval age lauded the hero in some monkery, and the heroine in some nunnery, as if that were the earthly end of human existence. Thus, the Christian Church became both the theatre and the temple of the people. These religious dramas were acted out with all the scenic preparation of the stage, and became a powerful rival for any regular and professedly worldly entertainments. When, at length, in order to increase their power and popularity, the actors appealed to the passions, degenerated the tragedy into comedy, and mingled with the most sacred subjects coarse buffoonery and unrestrained fun, indignant and insulted religion could bear it no longer, and with a whip of cords drove it out, as Christ, the buyers and sellers of the ancient temple.

Let us introduce you into one of the cathedrals of those ages, and to the worship of the gathered assembly. The immense and glorious building is itself a solemn sounding

psalm. As one enters the massive archway of the door, and looks forward, a solemn awe falls upon him. The building recedes away in long narrow avenues, and rises in its roof to a majestic height. Its almost interminable length vanishes away in most graceful prospective, as if leading the worshiper onward into some Holy of Holies. Stately divisions, with countless chapels, successions of concentric arches, crossing and interningling, the avenues lined with symmetrical pillars, the heavy massive walls expanding into large, mullioned and stained windows, or concealed by paintings of the masters, the niches crowded with statues of worshipful saints, and array, above all rising as if into the very heavens, the vaulted roof formed of most simple, yet intricate ribs. The entire structure is arranged to inspire awe and reverence. And when the music of the *Te Deum*, on some grand and massive organ is struck, it soars upward, pervades the whole building, echoes and re-echoes, infinitely multiplying itself, as it dies and rises again to the fretted and lofty roof, and the incense curling up into the unmeasurable height, mingled with the echoing music, might well give to the enthusiastic beholder the notion of clouds of adoration finding their way to heaven. In such a temple what space for endless variety, for change of scene, for stage effect! How effective the light and shade even by daylight, how much more so heightened at night by an infinity of lamps, and torches and tapers, now pouring their full effulgence on some one object—the Christ on the cross—or a painting of angels on the walls, and now sending their feeble glimmering into the deep gloom of the recesses, arches and roof. In such a place a vast congregation is assembled. They are ignorant, superstitious, impressible. The drama for this Sabbath is "The Massacre of the Innocents." Amid the deep reverberating tones of the organ, a procession of innocents, children clothed in white robes, march in long lines, through the long cloister of the monastery, chanting as they go: How glorious is Thy Kingdom! Send down, O God, Thy Lamb! The Lamb immediately appears, a man with a banner, bearing in his arms a lamb, takes his place at their head, leading up and down the aisles in long gleaming procession. Herod, clad in all the splendors of barbaric and oriental attire, is seen seated on a throne near by. A squire appears and hands him his sceptre, chanting: "On the throne of David." In the meantime an angel, in the person of

one of the monks, alights upon the manger singing, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, thou son of David, take thou the child, and flee into Egypt. Weep not, O Egypt! Herod's armor bearer steps forward and informs him of the departure of the wise men, whereat he bursts into a great wrath. While he is raging, the children, representing the Innocents of Bethlehem, are still following the steps of the lamb, and sweetly chanting: "Oh Lamb, who by thy holy death for us, glory of the Father, glory of the Virgin." Herod delivers the fatal sword into the hands of the armor bearer. The lamb is silently withdrawn. The children remain in their fearless and happy innocenee, singing, "Hail Lamb of God, O hail!" The ery of mothers is now heard, imploring mercy. The children are slain and fall in the aisles. While they are dying, and while they lie dead, another angel descends, chanting, "Ye who dwell in the dust, awake and ery aloud." The dead innocents respond as if from the tomb: "Why, O God, dost not thou defend us from bloodshed!" The angels ehant in response: "Wait but a little time, till your number is full." Then enters Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. The musical dialogue between her and her attending women, is simple, wild and pathetie: "Alas, alas, alas, how shall I rejoice, while I behold these slain? *Noli, Virgo Rachel, noli, dulcissima mater*—Restrain, O Rachel, sweet mother, thy tears of grief from the necks of these little ones." As they lead off the sad mother, an angel hovering above, sings the antiphone, or response: Suffer little children to eome unto me. At this voiee the ehildren rise from the tombs, the aisles, enter the ehoir, and take up the triumphant song of Heaven. Herod disappears. Archelaus takes the throne. The angel is heard summoning Joseph from Egypt. Joseph eomes forward, chanting a hymn to the Virgin mother. The cantor of the Chureh intones the *Te Deum*, the massive organ sends its pealing, trembling, thundering tones through aisles, and recesses, and arches, up to the vaulted roof, and the whole vast cathedral rings with the harmony, and as it eeases, the awe-struck, profoundly agitated hearers retire silently from the scene.

It will easily be seen from this brief episode, with what spirit and wonderful effect sacred repesentations were given in the Middle ages. There was no event of sacred history, however solemn, that was not in this manner wrought

into action for the purpose of impressing the ignorant people and tightening the chains of spiritual despotism.

As we pass to consider the characteristics of the hymns of those ages, one painfully impressive fact meets us at the outset, that a full, swelling tide of Mariolatry flows through them. They worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator. There are a few hymns to God the Father, a few to Christ, but the general mass are invocations to Mary and the saints. The worship of Mary was the grand characteristic worship, and it had gathered to itself the warmest affections of the heart. In the earliest hymns a trace of this is visible. It stole insensibly into the Church. Her first lustre was natural. As mother of Jesus she must stand chief among women. Out of this gradually grew the loftier title, Mother of God, with which she was early honored. Then another, wide-spread and pernicious practice contributed to swell the tide of Mariolatry, and the adoration of Mary, the Mother of God, was absorbed in that of St. Mary the virgin. Gradually, one title after another was lavished upon her. Tradition dressed her earthly life in a false history, wove a gorgeous robe around her that hid the lowly and feminine life of the true Mary, and, instead of the meek and humble form and quiet spirit that meets us in the Gospel, there stands before us in the Mediæval hymns, a queen; arrayed in vulgar gold and earthly jewels, a glittering, tinselled goddess, as magnificent as any Venus or Minerva of old. The piety and religion of the age lived, luxuriated in these hymns. Mary usurped the place of her divine Son, nor his alone, but of the whole Trinity. The love of God the Father was forgotten in the tenderness of Mary, Mother, Queen of heaven. The Redeeming sorrows of Christ, the Son, were eclipsed by the sympathetic sorrows of the pierced heart of Mary. The consolations of the Comforter were cold beside the pity of Mary, sweet virgin, star of the sea. The relations of the three persons of the Godhead, were transferred to her. She was Mother, Intercessor and Comforter—a trinity in unity for the Church. The first lispings of the child, the morning and evening hymn, the cry of the distressed, and the thanksgiving of the rescued, were all for Mary. Century after century added stones to the altar of her superstitious worship, until she who was once known only as a joyful mother, with the infant Jesus in her arms, stood on the facade of all the churches, and in the hearts

of all the worshipers a crowned queen, her hands outstretched to bless, concentrating upon her person, all the glory of the Trinity above, and all the adoration of humanity below! Yet, out of the chaos, and darkness, and superstition of the middle ages, and their religion, there are occasional gleams of light. As to the old voyager, in the vast interminable ocean, if he beheld on some dreary mass of rock, a batch of living green, a tuft of graceful trees, a cool and musical rush of waters, it became at once a paradise, and is described as one of the elysian fields, so does one feel, who, traversing the dreary wastes of the mediæval age, so full of legends, of spiritual and sentimental love songs, of Mariolatry and priest-craft, of comedies on sacred things, hears suddenly, he scarcely knows whence, a single voice, rising low and trembling, so soft and low, that it is scarcely heard at first, yet gathering clear, and deep, and sonorous, till it echoes down the arches as an organ, and rolls, vibrating the whole heart of Christendom with the solemn and magnificent chant of the great Mediæval hymn, the *Dies Iræ*—a lyric that lifts one up, as on mighty wings.

Our next stage brings us into the great Reformation, the richest field of all the past in music and song. One of the first symptoms of that great awakening was the revival of a taste and a demand for religious songs in the vernacular tongue. Heretofore the singing had been confined to the clergy and the choir and the Latin language. It was in the fifteenth century and during the Hussite movement that useful popular hymns were for the first time introduced into the service of the Church. Their introduction was facilitated by two strange instruments, first by the minne-singers, or love-singers, who perambulating the country, and singing their love ditties, gave the people a thirst for singing: and secondly, by a body of fanatics, called flagelants, who in long trains, with faces covered, wandered from country to country, amid weeping and lamentations, and the chant of penitential hymns, continually applying, as they marched, the scourge to their naked backs. They grew in numbers like an avalanche, and passed through a large part of Europe. Their strange, wild hymns, in the native tongue, seized the hearts of the people, and paved a way for the psalm of the Reformation. Huss insisted on the people taking part in the service of song, and himself composed a number of excellent hymns.

At first, so difficult was it to abandon the Latin, we find a number of hymns, half Latin and half German. Congregational singing was again revived. The ancient Ambrosian psalmody, in a purer and richer form, was given to the people. The choir of priests was dissolved. Instead of solo monotonous singing in uniform loud notes of equal value, a copious rythm with lively modulations was substituted, and about the close of the fifteenth century, singing in parts, took the place of singing in unison. The air was sung by the congregation, and the singers in the choir accompanied the congregation in the several parts. The air, however, was set in tenor, which was the leading part of music. The tunes were obtained by modifying old tunes, by appropriating national airs of the middle ages, and using, without reserve, the rich treasure of song-tunes in popular use. Many of the hymns were parodies of secular songs, the love songs of the minne-singers. Thus, the popular ditty, sung by wandering apprentices, which commenced: *Inspruck*, I must leave thee, and go my lonely way, far hence, to foreign lands," was transformed into : "O world, I must leave thee, and go my lonely way, unto my Father's Home." When Luther composed his melodies, the people were taught them by traveling musicians, singing processions of school boys and city cornetteers. The Papal Church sought to prevent the singing. But, wherever the spirit of the Reformation went, there flowed the torrent of song. The demand for hymns and music was sudden, and the result of no visible design. It almost preceded the labors of the Reformers, and did more than preaching to inculcate religious truth. Europe, almost in an instant, was full of songs and singing, as if an epidemic had broken out. The rise of the phenomenon in the Reformed Churches was remarkable. Clement Marot, a valet of the bed chamber of king Francis the first, and the favorite poet of France, tired of the vanities of the reigning poetry, and tinctured slightly with Protestantism, applied to his friend Theodore Beza, for assistance in rendering David's Psalms into French rhymes. This was in 1540. The amorous ditties of Marot had been the delight of the French Court. He dedicated his version of the Psalms to the ladies of France, and apologized for presenting such an offering to their taste. It seems with him to have been a mere freak of poetic license,

an experiment. But the most sanguine Reformer could not have indulged anticipations equal to the reality. His previous contributions to the polite literature of the day were forgotten in the enthusiasm, with which the court of France received these versions from the Hebrew Psalter. The press was burdened to meet the demand. All classes were eager to purchase. In the festive and splendid court of France, of a sudden, nothing was heard but the Psalms of Clement Marot. They were the accompaniment of the fiddle, if not of the dance. The members of the royal family, high-born ladies and lords, would each select a psalm, and fit it to the ballad which each liked best. They were the fashion, the rage, and did not seem at all to interfere with the humor and gaiety of the Court. It was a strange sight, the Psalms of David turned into ballads, and sung in gay and royal assemblies, in the place of love songs. But the Providence of God was in it. Just at this time, Luther in Germany, and Calvin in Geneva, were looking about for poets to translate the whole of the Psalms of David into the common tongue, that Christian people might have something to sing. Calvin, at once availed himself of Marot's gallantry to the ladies of France, and introduced the poet's versions from the Psalter, into the Reformed Church of Geneva. On any particular Sunday of 1540, might have been heard the noble lords and ladies of his most Catholic majesty Francis I, and the humble congregation of the great heretic John Calvin, singing the same words out of the new psalm book of Clement Marot. The fashion of the court was short-lived. Not so the singing of the people. They had never before been allowed to sing. The Scriptures had been shut up in a dead language. Now they were released. The effect was electric. Hymns and music were both received with unbounded enthusiasm. France and Germany were infatuated with a love of psalm-singing. Nowhere did the new mania take such a hold of the national mind, as in Germany. The miner's son, Martin, who, in his school days, had caroled for bread, before the doors of the burghers of Eisenach, remembered the old melodies, and when the people asked him for the Bread of Life, he gave forth out of his treasure-house, things new and old. The great Reformer of the German Church, was also, her first great singer. Luther gave the German people their Hymn Book, as well as their Bible. His enthusiasm is well known. He gath-

cred up the best of the old hymns, had them transferred to the tongue of the people, wrote new hymns, and composed the music to some of them. So popular were his hymns, that spurious collections were hawked about Germany under his name. The hymn was the great power of the Reformation upon the masses of the people. In Augsburg, in 1551, three or four thousand people, singing together at a time, was but a trifle. Poets arose everywhere. One Hans Sachs was the author of no less than six thousand hymns, and their poets are numbered by hundreds. A hymn had scarcely gushed from the heart of a poet, until it spread everywhere, penetrated families and churches, was sung before every door, in work shops, market places, streets and fields, and with a single stroke of a popular hymn, whole cities were won to the Evangelical faith. The youth of the day sang them in place of the ribald songs. Mothers sang them beside the cradle, servants in the kitchen, market men in the streets, and farmers in the fields. The Papacy was terrified by the religious singing mania. Psalm-singing and heresy became synonymous terms. All good Catholics were forbidden, under penalties, to try their voices on the heretic psalms.

The new system passed over into England, and here, too, the people became jubilant. The Refugees, whom Mary had driven to the continent, when Elizabeth ascended the throne, came back trained and enthusiastic psalm-singers. The enemy characterized the eagerness of the people, as an infectious frenzy. The singing began in a little church of London, but soon after at St. Paul's Cross, six thousand persons of all ages, might be heard singing the new songs, "which," said Bishop Jewel, "was sadly annoying to the mass priests and the devil." Puritanism, then in its infancy, throbbed with the popular exhilaration. The use of Psalmody became the badge and test of sympathy with the Reformation. As psalm-singing and heresy were synonymous on the continent, so psalm-singing and Puritanism were in England. The Psalms in the vulgar tongue were stigmatized as "Geneva Jiggs," and "Beza's Ballets," but they soon became, in fact, the ballads and war songs of the nation. The proclamation against the queen of Scots, in London, 1586, was received with the ringing of bells, making of bonfires, and singing of psalms, in every one of the streets and lanes of the city. The forces of the Parliament, in Marston Cornfield, fell to singing psalms.

and after the battle of Dunbar, the republican soldiers and their General Lambert halted near Haddington, and sang the 117th Psalm. Cromwell's soldiers were nick-named the Psalm singers. A comedy of the times represents the Roundheads as being used to sing a Psalm and then *fall on.*

As in the morning of some bright summer day, the choristers of field and grove make earth and air, and all things tremulous with their melody, so when the glorious morning of the Reformation dawned, there poured almost instantaneously from the lips and hearts of a great chorus of song, such as the age had never heard. Out of the walls of the cloister, out of the work-shop, the harvest field, the home, came they; hymns for family joys and sorrows, hymns for toil and struggle, hymns for the sick bed and the wayside, and hymns for battle, ringing with the inspiring step of martial music; songs to march to, songs to fight, blasts from the trumpet, before which the strongholds of the enemy fell.

A quaint old writer of the seventeenth century gives us his idea of the singing in England, in that day. He was in York, at the time of the famous siege of eleven weeks. He tells us: "Every Sunday the Old Minster was even cramming and squeezing full, and sometimes a cannon bullet, not a one hundred and eighty pounder of our day, has come in at the windows, and bounced about from pillar to pillar, even like some furious fiend, or evil spirit. But now you must take notice, that they had then a custom in that church, which I hear not in any other cathedral, which was, that always before the sermon, the whole congregation, with the choir and organ, sang a psalm, and you must know, that there was a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost, I am credibly informed, a thousand pounds. This organ, I say when the Psalm was sung before the sermon, being let out into all the fulness of stops, together with the choir began the Psalm. But when that vast concording unity of the whole congregational chorus came, as I may say, thundering in, even so as it made the very ground shake under us, Oh! the unutterable and ravishing soul's delight, in which I was transported and wrapt up in high contemplation, so that there was no room left in body, soul, and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures."

We have been listening to the murmurs of the great

stream of song, as it has flowed on from age to age, sometimes nearly buried in the sands of time, and now again bursting the barriers of centuries in a rush, a torrent of music, and then again flowing on calmly in a broad, deep current, yet never utterly dried up, or silent. The deepest, purest life of man, the inmost piety of the Church, has flowed on in hymns. He who knows the way, hymns and music have flowed, can trace the veins and arteries, in which the blood of piety has flowed. We have caught echoes from the ancient sanctuary, from Miriam's peal of victory, from the hymns that the early Christians sang to Christ before day-break, hymns of burial, sung in the crypts of the Catacombs, where young men and maidens, old men and children, were laid away to rest. We have had hymns of the martyrs, sung by hunted worshipers, at midnight, in dens and caves of the earth, amidst armed men, in ambush, by prisoners in dungeons and in flames. We have caught notes from the hymns of St. Ambrose, and many others, that rose up like birds in the early centuries, and have come flying and singing all the way down to us, and still with voices as strong and sweet as they were a thousand years ago. We have heard the battle songs of the Church, Crusaders' hymns, that rolled forth their truths upon the Oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time below, and ten thousand palm leaves whispered and kept time above, hymns of the Huguenots, of the Covenanters and Puritans, hymns, that, as with the pinions of eagles, have borne up to the bosom of God the sorrows, the desires, and the aspirations of his poor and oppressed children on earth, hymns that have gushed out of pressed and broken hearts, as fountains out of cleft rocks.

The great battle song of the Lutheran Church, Luther's *Eine feste Burg*—a Tower of Safety is our God—is said to have come into the heart of the Reformer on his way to the Diet of Worms. Both it, and the battle song of Gustavus Adolphus, the lofty Christian hero of his age, were consecrated for all time by a memorable incident, worthy of all honor.

On the morning of his last battle, when the armies of Gustavus and Wallenstein were drawn up, waiting for the morning mist to clear away, ere they sounded the charge, the king commanded Luther's grand hymn to be sung, then his own, accompanied with the trumpets and drums of the whole army. As they ceased singing, the mist

broke away, and the sunshine burst on the two armies. For a moment, Gustavus knelt beside his horse, in the face of his soldiers, and repeated his battle-prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our arms, and this day's battle, for the glory of thy holy name." Then, passing along the lines with a few brief words of encouragement, he gave the battle ery, "*God with us*," with whieh he had conquered at Leipzig, and rushed on the foe. In the thickest of the fight he was found, bleeding with a death wound, but from the dying lips of the martyr, fell these noble, Christian words: "I seal with my blood the liberty and the religion of the German nation." Thus, have the hymns of the past been embalmed for us. We cannot gather up all the precious names of men, out of whose hearts the dear Cross pressed the living songs of the Chureh; St. Ephrem, Ambrose and Gregory, Luther, Gerhardt and Tersteegen, gentle George Herbert, borne to his grave with eathedral chants, blind John Milton, singing on in his blindness, Richard Baxter, so basely brow-beaten by the infamous Jeffries, Bishop Ken, the non-juror; Watts and Doddridge the two great non-eonformist hymn writers, the brothers Wesley pelted, threatened, moeked, yet distilling out of their hearts sweet songs, that go ehiming everywhere like silvery bells, eheering death beds, giving eourage to brave men, and patienee to suffering women; the gentle tortured spirit of Cowper, pouring out, in the intervals of his terrible malady, his trembling, but immortal song, and many others, not to mention those great masters of music, whose ehorals have a deathless life. The treasury of all the past is ours, and much of the best of it has come down to us in Christian song.

As in the early autumn, the birds begin to look from the north southward, and springing up from the shrubs, the reeds, and the waters, begin their flight, and as they wind their way out of every tree and eopse, from orchard and garden come forth new singers, increasing in number at every furlong, until, at length, coming down from their high pathways, they cover provinces, and fill forests, and are heard caroling and triumphing through all the unfrosted orchards, amid all the groves, and the vines, the olives, the palms, and the oranges of the tropics, with their wonderous bursts of song. So, like these birds, these sacred hymns of the past, whose nests have been found in every age, from the very gray and twilight of creation,

seem to have risen up, spread, and plumed their wings, and flown down to our day, and into the pleasant gardens and vineyards God has given to his Church, and their sweet and heavenly music, as they flit from branch to branch, filleth the Church with melody, comforting and cheering, as in old time, the hearts of God's people, as if once again, the advent was renewed, and God's angels were in the air.

ARTICLE XII.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by Rev. John McClintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. III. New York: Harper and Brothers. We have already spoken of this important contribution to our religious literature. When finished, it will be the most thorough, compact and satisfactory work of the kind yet published. The present volume exhausts the letter G, and three additional volumes, it is supposed, will complete the work. The lamented death of the senior editor will occasion no delay in the enterprise. Its labors will be carried on by Dr. Strong, with the assistance of scholars connected with different denominations, and brought to a speedy conclusion.

A Manual of Church History. By H. E. F. Guericke, Doctor and Professor of Theology in Halle. Translated from the German. By W. G. T. Shedd, D. D., Baldwin Professor in Union Theological Seminary. Andover: W. F. Draper. This volume embraces Mediæval Church History, from A. D., 590 to 1030, when Hildebrand, under the name of Gregory VII, ascended the Papal chair. Among other topics, it discusses the diffusion of Christianity among the Gothic, Scandinavian and Sclavic races; the controversies in reference to the two Wills in Christ, Image Worship and the Lord's Supper, and the schism between the East and the West. In connection with a former volume, which appeared in 1857, this edition gives an interesting history of the Church, during the first ten centuries.

The Elements of the Hebrew Language. By Rev. A. D. Jones. A. M. Andover: W. F. Draper. This is a work, which corresponds, in its general arrangements, with many of the elementary text books in common use, and is designed to facilitate the study of the Hebrew in our classical schools. The language is divested of many of its peculiarities and difficulties, and its study, by a simple and progressive series of exercises, is rendered comparatively easy and pleasant.

The Close of the Ministry. By Rev. William Hanna, D. D., LL.D. *The Passion Week.* By Rev. William Hanna, D. D., LL.D. New

York: Robert Carter & Bros. These are the third and fourth volumes in this excellent series. They are, like their predecessors, written in a popular, intelligible style, and are free from everything like formal criticism, but, at the same time, the best results of modern criticism and mature biblical study are presented. The author has shown great skill in grouping the leading events of the Saviour's life, and exhibits throughout a devout, evangelical and elevated spirit.

Our Father in Heaven: The Lord's Prayer explained and illustrated. A Book for the Young. By Rev. J. H. Wilson, M. A., Barclay Church, Edinburgh. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. This book, prepared originally for the young, is full of illustrations and incidents of rich scriptural truth, derived from this beautiful and inexhaustible prayer, upon which so much has been written.

Christ in Song. Hymns of Immanuel: Selected from all Ages, with Notes. By Philip Schaff, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. To those who are interested in sacred poetry, it will be a satisfaction to learn, that this is the fourth edition of this beautiful book, and that it is made to meet the increasing demand for a cheaper issue. It contains, as already stated, the richest gems of Grecian and Roman hymns, as well as the finest specimens of German and English song, in the Church. The taste and judgment, displayed in the arrangement and classification of the material, are such as the erudition and practical skill of Dr. Schaff might lead us to expect.

Music Hall Sermons. By William H. H. Murray, Pastor of Park Street Church. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. These discourses, originally delivered before large audiences in the Music Hall, are now given in the more permanent book-form. Although not remarkable for original or profound thought, they are graphic, and have all the freshness of speech, and bear evidences of careful composition. They contain passages of great beauty, illustrations drawn from pure nature, marked by simplicity, directness and earnestness. Our criticism as to the matter is, that whilst the author presents most clearly some of the great and distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, there are utterances, which seem to us unguarded and latitudinarian. Some of the most instructive truths of the Bible, are often kept too much in the background, or entirely ignored.

Sermons Preached in St James' Chapel, York Street, London. By Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M. A. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Although these discourses are unequal in merit, they are unusually interesting, and their perusal will not disappoint the individual, who has been interested in the author's Memoirs of Rev. F. W. Robertson. They are marked by originality and force of thought, and by freshness and clearness of expression.

Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. In two volumes. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. These volumes are among the ablest contributions to this department of literature, that these latter days, so prolific in productions of this kind, have produced. If the author is not a creator, he is certainly a clear and successful interpreter, of thought. If the discourses are not distinguished by the originality of their ideas, they are pre-eminent in their representations of these ideas. Their richness of thought and practical direction, their philosophic tone and elegance, their earnestness and power, fully sustain the high reputation, which the author, as a pulpit orator, enjoyed.

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